



A new Enterlude called Thersytes

Thys Enterlude folowynge
Dothe Declare howe that the
greatest boesters are not
the greatest
doers. *E*

The names of the players

Thersites	A booster.
Malciber	A smyth.
Water	A mother.
Miles	A knyght.
Telemachus	A childe.



Thersites commeth in fyfte hauinge a clubbe
vppon his necke

Hue in a ruffler forth of the greke lande
Called Thersites, if ye wyll me knowe
abacke, geue me rouse, in my way do ye not stand
For if ye do, I wyll soone laye you lowe
In Homers of my actes ye haue red I trove
Neyther Agamēnon nor Ulysses, I spared to cheeke
They coude not bringe me to be at theyr becke
Of late frome the sege of Troye I retourned
Where all my harnes excepte this clubbe I lost
In an olde house there it was quyte burned
Whyle I was preparinge bytayles for the hoste
I must nedes get me newe, what so euer it cost
I wyll go seek aduentures, for I can not be ydle
I wyll hamper some of the knaues in a bydle
It greueth me to heare howe the knaues do bragge
But by supreme Jupiter, when I am harnessed well
I shall make the dasters to renne in to a bagge
To hyde them frome me, as from the deuyll of hell
I doubt not but hereafter, of me ye shall heare tell
Howe I haue made the knaues for to play covech quaille
But nowe to the shop of Mulciber, to go I wyll not faile
Mulciber must haue a shop made in the place and
Thersites comethe befoze it sayinge a loude
Mulciber, whom the Poetes doth call the god of fyre
Smith vnto Jupiter kinge ouer all
Come forth, of thy office I the desyre
and graunte me my petition, I aske a thinge but small
I wyll none of thy lightnings that thou art wont to make
for the goddes supernall for yre when they do make
With whiche they thruste the gyauntes downe to hell
That

That were at a conuention heauen to bye and sell
But I woulde haue some helpe of Aemnos and Iliu
That of theyr stele, by thy craft, condatur nubi galea.
Muciber.

What felowe Ther sites, do ye speake latyn nowe?
Nay, then farewell, I make god a vowe
I do not you vnderstande, no latyn is in my palet
And then he must do as he wolde go awaye.

Ther sites.

I say abyde good Muciber, I praye make me a sallet
Muciber.

Why Ther sites hast thou anye wytte in thy head?
Woldest thou haue a sallet nowe, all the herbes are dead
Besyde that it is not mete for a smyth
To gether herbes and sallettes to medle with
Go get the to my louer venus
She hath sallettes ynough for all vs
I ate none suche sallettes for now I ware olde
and for my stomacke they are verie coulde

Ther sites.

Nowe I praye to Iupiter that thou dye a cuckold
I meane a sallet with whiche men do fyght

Muciber.

It is a small tastinge of a mannes myghte
That he shoulde for any matter
Fyght with a fewe herbes in a platter
No greate laude shoulde folowe that victorie

Ther sites.

Goddess passion Muciber where is thy wit & memozy
I wolde haue a sallet made of stele

Muciber.

Whye say, in youre stomacke longe you shall it fele

Al.

For

For stele is harde for to digge

Thersites.

I Mans bones and sydes hee is worse then a beere

I wolde haue a sallet to were on my hed

Whiche vnder my chyn w a thonge red

Buckled shall be

Doest thou yet perceyue me

Mulciber.

I pour mynde now I se

Why thou peupsthe ladde

Arte thou almost madde

O well in thy wytte

Gette the a wallette

Wolde thou haue a sallette

What woldest thou do with it

Thersites.

I pray the good Mulciber make no mo bones

But let me haue a sallet made at ones,

Mulciber.

I must do somewhat for this knaue

What maner of sallet, saye you wolde ye haue.

Thersites.

I wold haue such a one that nother might nor mayne

Shoulde perse it thorowe, or parte it in twayne

Whiche nother gonstone, nor sharpe speare

Shoulde be able other to hurte or teare

I woulde haue it also for to saue my heade

Yf Jupiter him selfe woulde haue me dead

And if he in a fume, woulde cast at me his fire

This sallet I woulde haue to kepe me from his yre.

Mulciber.

I perceyue youre mynde,

pe shall fynde me kynde

I wyll for you prepare

And then he goeth in to his shop, and maketh a
sallet for hym at the laste he sayth.

Here Theristes do this sallet weare

And on thy head it beare

And none shall worke the care

Then Mulciber goeth into his shop, buttill he
is called agayne.

Theristes.

Now woulde I not feare with anye bull to fyghte

Oz with a raumpinge lyon nother by daye nor nyghte

What greate strength is in my body so lusty

Whiche for lacke of exercise, is now almost rusty

Hercules in comparison to me was but a boye

When the bandogge Cerberus from hell he bare awaye

When he kylled the lyons, hydra, and the bere so wyld

Compare him to me and he was but a chyld

Why Sampson I saye, hast thou no moze wytte

woldest thou be as strong as I, come suck thy mothers tytte

Wene you that David that lyttle elyphse boye

Should with his slinge haue take my life awaye

Ray ywys Golyath, for all his spue stones

I woulde haue quashed his little boysshe bones

O howe it woulde do my harte muche good

To se some of the giauntes befoze Noes floud

I woulde make the knaues to crye croke

Oz elles with my clubbe their braynes I wyll breake

But Mulciber, yet I haue not with the do

My heade is armed, my necke I woulde haue to

And also my shoulders with some good habergyn

That the deuyl if he wote at me could not enter in

A. III.

For

For I am determined greate battayle to make
Excepte my furnisshenes, by some meanes may asslake.

Sulciber.

¶ Bokell on this habergyn as fast as thou canne
And feare for the metinge of nother beast nor manne
yf it were possible for one too shote an oke
This habergyn wyll defende thee frome the stroke
Let them throwe mylstones at the as thich as haille
yet the to kyll they shall their purpose faile
yf Maluerne hylles shoulde on thy shoulders light
They shall not hurte the, nor suppress thy mighte
If Bents of Hampton, Colburne and Guy
Will the assaye, set not by them a flye
To be bryefe, this habergyn shall the saue
Bothe by lande and water, nowe playe the lustye knaue
Then he goeth in to his shoppe againe

Cherlites.

¶ When I consider my shoulders that so brode be
When the other partes of my bodye I do behold
I verely thynke that none in chrystente
With me to medele dare be so bolde
Now haue at the lyons on cotfolde
I wyll neyther spare for heate nor for colde
Where art thou king Arthur, & the knightes of the rounde
Come, bryng forth your horsys out of the stable (table
Lo with me to mete they be not able
By the masse they had rather were a bable
Where arte thou Gabryn the curtesse and Cay the crabed
Here be a couple of knightes cowardlye and scabbed
Appere in thy likenesse sy Libeus disconius
If thou wilt haue my clubbe lyghte on thy hedibus
Lo ye maye see he beareth not the face

With

With me to frye a blotte in thy place
Howe syr ray, appoche syr Launcelot de lake
What: renne ye awais and for feare quake
Nowe he that did the a knight make
Thought neuer that thou any battaile shouldest take
yf þ wilt not come thy self, some other of thy felowes send
To battaile I prouoke them, them selfe let them defende
lo, for all the good that euer they se
They wyll not ones set haude to fight with me
O good lord e howe brode is my brest
And stronge with all for hole is my chest
He that should medle with me shail haue shewode rest
Beholde you my handes, my legges and my feete
Euery parte is stronge proportionable and mete
Thinke you that I am not feared in felde and strete
Yes yes god wote, they geue me the wall
O, elles with my clubbe, I make them to fall
Backe knaues I saye to them, then for feare they quake
And take me then to the tauerne and good chere me make
The proctoure and his men I made to renne their waies
And some wente to hide them in broken heys
I tell you at a woorde
I set not a toorde
By none of them al
Early and late I wyll walke
And London stretes sturke
Spyte of them greate and small
for I thinke verely
That none in heauen so hye
Nor yet in hell so lowe
Whyle I haue this clubbe in my hande
Can be able me to withstande

Or me to ouertrowe
 But Pulciber, yet I must the desyre
 To make me bryggen yrons for myne armes
 And then I will loue the as mine owne syre
 For withoute them, I cannot be safe frome all harmes
 Those once had, I will not sette a strawe
 by all the worlde, for then I wyll by awe
 Haue all my mynde, or elles by the holye ronde
 I wyll make them thinke, the deuyl carryeth them to the
 yf no man wyll with me battayle take (wood
 I byage to hell quickly I wyll make.
 And there I wyll bete the deuyl and his dame
 And bringe the soules awaye, I full ye entende the same
 After that in hell I haue ruffled so
 Sreyghte to olde purgatorie wyll I go
 I wyll cleane that so purge rounde aboute
 That we shall nede no pardons to helpe them oute
 yf I haue not fyghte ynoughe this wayes
 I wyll clymbe to heauen and set awaye Peters keyes
 I wyll kepe them my selfe, and let in a great route
 What shoulde suche a fysher kepe good felowes out

Pulciber.

I haue here Therstes bryggen yrons bryght
 and feare thou no man manly to fyghte
 Thoughe he be stronger then Hercules or Sampson
 Be thou prest and bolde to set him vpon
 Noether Amazon nor perres with their hole rable
 the to assaile shall fynde it profytable
 I warrante the they wyll fle fro thy face
 as doth an hare from the dogges in a chase
 Would not thy blacke and russe grym berde
 Nowe thou art so armed, make anye man aserde

Sure

13
Surely if Jupiter dyd see the in this gere
He woulde renne awaye and hyde hym for feare
He wold thinke that Typhoeus the graunt were aliue
And his brother Enceladus, agayn with him to strue
If that Mars of battell the god stoute and bold
In this aray woulde chaunce the to beholde
He woulde yelde vp his sworde vnto the
And god of battayle (he woulde say) thou shouldest be
Now fare thou wel go the world throughe
And seke aduenturus thou arte man good ynough.

Therlites.

¶ Mulciber, whyle the starres shal shyne in the sky
And Phaetons horses with the sonnes charret shal fly
Whyle the moynynge shal go befoze none
And cause the darkennesse to banyshe away soone
Whyle that the cat shal loue well mylke
And whyle that women shal loue to go in sylke
Whyle beggers haue lyce
And cockneys are nyce
Whyle pardoners can lye
Marchauntes can by
And chyldren crye
Whyle all these laste and moze
Whiche I kepe in stoze
I do me faythfully bynde
Thy kyndnes to beare in mynde
but yet Mulciber one thinge I aske moze
Haste thou euer a sworde now in stoze
I would haue suche a one that woulde cut stones
And pare a great oke down at once
That were a sworde lo, euen for the nones.

Mulciber.

B.i.

Trulye

Truely I haue suche a one in my shoppe
that wil pare yron as it were a rope
haue here it is, gyde it to thy syde
Now fare thou well, Jupiter be thy gyde
Therlites.

Gramercye Muliber wyth my hole harte
Gue me thy hande and let vs departe
Muliber goeth in to his shoppe againe,
and Therlites saith foozly

Now I go hence, and put my selfe in pcase
I wyll seeke aduentures, yea and that I wyll not cease
If there be any present here this nyght
that wyll take vpon them with me to fight
Let them come quickly, and the battayle shall be pyghte
Wher is Cacus that knaue, not worthe a grote
that was wont to blowe cloudes oute of his throte
Which sle Hercules kine and hyd them in his caue
Come hether Cacus, thou lubber and false knaue
I wyll teache all wretches by the to beware
If thou come hether I trappe the in a snare
thou shalt haue knocked breadye and yll fare
how say you good godfather that loke so stalle
ye seeme a man to be borne in the vale
Dare ye aduenture wyth me a stripe or two
Go toward go hide the as thou wast wonte to do
What a sozte of dallerdes haue we here
None of you to battaile with me dare appeare
What saie you hart of gold, of countenance so demure
Will you fight with me, no, I am righte sure
I ye blusse not wo man, I wyll do you no harme
Excepte I had you soner to kepe my backe warme
Wlas lyttle puns why are ye so soze afrayde

I praye you shew how longe it is sence ye were a mayd
Tell me in myne eare, sayd, she hathe me tolde
That gone was her mydenhead, at thyrustene yere olde
By ladye she was lothe to kepe it to longe
And I were a mayde agayne, nowe maye be here longe
Do after my counsel of maydens the hoolde beure
Quickly red your maydehed, for they are vengeaunce beure
Well, let all go, whye, wyll none come in
With me to fyghte that I maye pare his skyn
The matter commeth in.

Water

What saye you my sonne wyl ye fyght, god it defende
For what cause to warre do you nowe pretende
Wyll ye committe to battayles dangerous
Your lyfe that is to me so precious.

Ther sites.

I wyll go, I wyll go, stoppe not my waye
Holde me not good mother I hartely you pray
If there be any lyons, or other wyld beest
That wyll not suffer the husband man in rest
I wyll go seeche them, and byd them to a feast
They shall abyte bytterlye the conmyng of suche a geest
I wyll seache for them bothe in bushe and myrre
And laye on a lode with this lustye clubbe

Water.

O my swete sonne, I am thy mother
Wylt thou kyll me and thou hast none other

Ther sites.

No mother no, I am not of suche iniquitye
That I wyll defyle my handes vpon the.
But be contente mother, for I wyll not rest
Tyll I haue foughte with some man or wyld beest
B. ii. Cruellye

Truely my sonne yf that ye take thys way
Thys shall be the conclusion, marke what I shall say
Other I wyll drowne my selfe for sorowe
And fede fyshes with my body before to morowe
Or wyth a sharpe swerde, surely I wyll me kyll
Nowe thou mayst saue me, if it be thy wyll
I wyll also cut my pappes awaye
That gaue the sucke so manye a daye
And so in all the worlde it shall be known
That by my owne sonne I was ouerthrowen
Therefore if my lyfe be to the pleasaunte
That whiche I desyre good sonne do me graunte

Ther sites

Mother thou spendest thy winde but in wast
The goddes of battayle hyr fury on me hath cast
I am full ye fyred battayle for to taste
O how many to deth I shall dye in haste
I wyll ruffle this clubbe aboute my hedde
Or els I pray god I neuer dye in my bedde
There shall neuer a stroke be stroken with my hande
But they shall thynke & Jupiter doth thonder in & land
Water.

My owne swete sonne I knelynge on my knee
And bothe my handes holdinge bp to the
Desyre the to ceasse and no battayle make
Call to the pacience and Better wayes take

Ther sites.

Custhe mother, I am deafe I wyll the not heare
No no, yf Jupiter here hym selfe nowe were
And all the goddes, and Juno his wife
And louinge Minerva that abhorreth all stryfe
yf all these I saye, would desyre me to be content

They

They dyd theyr wynde but in vaine spent
I wyll haue battayle in wayles or in kente
and some of the kuaues I wyll all to rent
where is the valiaunt knyghte syr Ilenbrase
Appere syr I praye you, dare ye not shewe your face
where is Robin John and little hode
approche hyther quickly if ye thinke it good
I wyll teache suche outlawes wyth Chynges curles
How they take hereafter awaye abbottes purses
whye wyll no aduenture appeare in thys place
where is Hercules with his greate male
where is Busyrig, that fed bys boyles
Full lyke a tyraunte, with dead mens coles
Come any of you bothe
And I make an othe
That yet I eate anye breade
I wyll dyue a wayne
ye for neede twayne
Betwene your bodye and your heade
Thus passeth my braynes
wyll none take the paynes
To trye wyth me a blowe
O what a fellowe am I
whome euerye man dothe flye
That dothe me but once knowe

Hater.

Sonne all do you feare
That be presente hete
They wyll not wyth you fyghte
you, as you be worthe
Haue nowe the victorie
wythoute tastynge of youre myghte
Here is none I trowe

B. iii.

That

that profereth you a blowe
Man woman nor chyld
Do not let your mynde
To fyghte with the wynde
be not so madde nor toylde

Cherlites.

I I saye anye who so euer wyll fyghte
I am to battayle here readye dyghte
Come hyther other swayne or knyghte
Let me see who dare presente him to my fyghte
Here with my clubbe readye I stande
yf anye wyll come to take them in hand

Water.

There is no hope left in my brest
To bring my sonne vnto better rest
He wyll do nothinge at my request
He regardeth me no more the a best
I see no remedye, but still I wyll praye
To god, my sonne to gyde in his waye
That he maye haue a prosperous tournynge
And to bee saue at his returnynge
Sonne, god aboue graunte thys my oration
That when in battaile thou shalt haue concertacion
with your ennemies, other fare or nere
No wounde in them nor in you may appere
So that ye nother kyll nor be kylld

Cherlites

Other thy petition I praye god be fulfilled
For then no knaues bloude shall be spilled
Felowes kepe my counsell, by the masse I doo but crake
I wyll be gentyll enoughe and no busenesse make
But yet I wyll make her beleue that I am a man
thyncke

thinke you that I wyll fight: no no but wyth the can.
Excepte I finde my enemye on thys wyse
that he be a slepe or els can not aryse
Yf his armes and his fete be not fast bounde
I wyll not profer a stripe for a thousande pound
fare well mother and tarrye here no longer
For after proues of chivalry I do both thyrste & hunger
I wyll heare the knaves as flatte as a conger

Then the mother goeth in the place which is pre-
pareth for her.

What how long wal I tary: be your hartes in your hose
will there none of you in battayle appose
Come proue me whye stande you so in doubte
haue you any wyld bloude, that ye would haue let oute
I lacke that a mans strengthe can not be knwen
Because that he lacketh ennemies to be ouerthowen

Here a snail muste appere vnto him, and hee muste
loke fearefully vppon the snail saenge

But what a monster do I see nowe
Comminge hetherwarde with an armed browe
what is it: ah it is a sowe

No by gods body it is but a gresse
And on the backe it hath neuer a bysse

It is not a cow, ah there I sayle
For then it should haue a long taylor

What the deuyll I was blinde, it is but a snayle

I was neuer so afrayde in east nor in south

My harte at the fyrste sight was at my mouth

Mary sy, sy, sy, sy, I do sweate for scare

I thoughte I had craked but to tyme here

Wens thou beest and plucke in thy hories

O I sweate by him that crowned was with thornes

I will make the drinke worse than good ale in y coynes
Hast thou nothyng elles to doo
But come wyth hounes and face me so
Howe, how my seruautes, get you helde and spere
And let vs werpe and kyll thys monster here
here Miles cometh in.

Miles.

Is not thys a worthye knyght
that wyth a snayle dareth not fight
Excepte he haue hys seruautes ayde
Is this the chaumppon that maketh al me afraid
I am a poore souldiour come of late fro Calice
I trust or I go to debate some of hys malyses
I wyll tarrye my tyme tell I do see
Betwixt hym and the snayle what the ende wyll be

Cherlites.

Whye ye hounson knaues, regard ye not my callinge
whye do ye not come and wyth you weapons bynge
why shall this monster so escape kyllinge
No that he shal not and god be wyllinge

Miles.

I promyse you, thys is as worthye a knyght
as euer shall brede oute of a bottell byte
I thinke he be Dares of whom Virgill doth write
That woulde not let entellus alone
But euer prouoked and euer called on
But yet at the last he tooke a fall
And so within a whyle, I trowe I make the shall

Cherlites.

By Gods passion knaues, if I come I wyll you setter
Regarde ye my callinge and crynge no better
why hounsons I saye, wyll ye not come

By

By the masse the knaves be all from home
They had better haue sette me an errande at Rome

Wiles.

By my trothe, I thinke that very skante
This lubber dare aduenture to fighte with an ant

Cherites.

Well seinge my seruautes come to me will not
I must take hede that this monster me spyll not
I wyll ioparde with it a ioynte
And other with my clubbe or my sweardes poynthe
I wyll reche it suche woundes
As I woulde not haue for .xl. M. poundes
Plucke in thy hornes thou unhappy beast
What facest thou me? wilte not thou be in rest
Why? wylte not thou thy hornes in helde
Thinkest thou that I am a cocklode
Goddess armes the monster cometh towarde me styll
Excepte I fyght manfully, it wyll me surely kyll

Then he must fyghte against the snayle with his club

Wiles.

O Jupiter Lorde dost thou not see and heare
How he feareth the snayle as it were a beere

Cherites.

Well with my clubbe I haue had good lucke
Nowe with my swordde haue at the a plucke
And he must cast his club awaye.
I wyll make the or I go, for to ducke
And thou were as tale a man as frier lucke
I saye yzt agayne thy hornes in dyabole
Or elles I wyll make the to haue woundes rawe
Arte not thou a ferde
To haue thy bearde

C.I.

Dared

Parred with my swerde

Here he must fighte then with his sword against
the snayle, and the snayle draweth her hornes in.

Ah well, now we no more

Thou mightest haue done so befoze

I layed at it so loze

That it thoughte it shoulde haue be loze

And it had not drawen in his hornes againe

Surelye I woulde the monster haue slaine

But now farewell, I wyll worke the no more payne

Nowe my fume is paste

And dothe no longer laste

That I did to the monster cast

Now in other countreys both farre and neare

No dedes of chynalte I wyll go inquire

Alles.

Thou nedest not seke any further for, redy I am here:
I wyll debate anone I trowe thy bragginge here

Thersites.

Nowe where is any mo that wyll me assayle

I wyll curne him and tolle him bothe toppe and tayle

ys he be stronger then Sampson was

who with his bare handes kylde lyons apas

Alles.

What nedest this booste: I am here at hande

That with the will fighte kepe the heade and stande

Surelye for al thy hye wordes I wyll not feare

To assayle the a towche tyll some bloude apcare

I wyll geue the somewhat for the gifte of a newe yeare

And he begynth to fight with him, but Thersites
must ren awaye, and hyde hym behynde his mothers
backe sayinge.

Thersit

Cherlites.

**O mother mother I praye the me hyde
Thyowe some thynge ouer me and couer me every syde**

Water.

O my sonne what thynge eldyth the

Cherlites

Mother a thousande horsemen do persecute me

Water.

Marye sonne then it was time to flye

**I blame the not then, thoughe a frayde thou be
A deadly wounde thou mightest there some rathe
One against so manye, is no indifferente matche**

Cherlites.

**No mother but if they had bene but ten to one
I woulde not haue auoyded but set them vppon
But seinge they be so many I ran awaye
Hyde me mother hyde me, I hartely the pray
For if they come hyther and here me fynde
To their horses tayles they wyll me bynde
And after that fashyon hall me and kyl me
And thoughe I were neuer so bolde and stoute
To fyghte agaynst so manye, I shoulde stande in doubte**

Miles.

**Thou that doest seke giauntes to conquere
Come forth if thou dare, and in this place appere
For maine doest thou so sone take flighte
Come forth and shewe some what of thy myghte**

Cherlites.

Hyde me mother, hyde me, and neuer woide saye

Miles.

**Thou olde trotte, seyst thou any man come thys waye
well armed and weaponed and readye to fighte**

C.ii.

29

Patcr.

C No forsothe Halster, there came none in my sight
Hiles.

T He dyd auoyde in tyme, for withoute doubt
I woulde haue set on his backe some clowtes
If I may take him I wyll make all slowches
To beware by him, that they come not in my clowches
Then he goeth oute, and the mother saith

Patcr.

C Come forth my sonne, your enemy is gone
Be not afrayed for hurte thou canst haue none
Then he loketh aboute if he be gone or not, at the last
he sayth.

Thersites.

C Why thou didest worse, y who so euer thou be
To tarre no longer to fighte with me
For with my clubbe I woulde haue broken thy skull
If thou were as bigge as Hercules bull
Why thou cowardely knaue, no stronger then a ducke
Darest thou trye maynties with me a plucke
Whiche fere nother glaunces nor Jupiters fire bolte
Nor Beelzebub the mayster deuyll as ragged as a colt
I woulde thou wouldest come byther ones againe
I thinke thou haddest rather aloue to be slayne
Come againe and I sweare by my mothers wombe
I wyll pull the in peeces no more then my thombe
and thy braines abroad, I wyll so scatter
That all knaues shall feare, against me to clatter

Then cometh in Telemachus bringinge a letter
from his father Ulysses, and Thersites saith.

What little Telemachus
What makest thou here amonge vs

Ulysses

Telemachus.

T Say my father Ulysses doth hym commende
To you most hartely, & here he hath you sende
Of hys mynde a letter
Whiche shewe you better
Euery thyng shall
Then I can make rehersall

Here he must deliuer hym the letter

Thersites.

L O frendes ye maye see
What great men wyte to mee
Here he must redde the letter.

As entyrelly as harte can thyncke
Or scrivener can wyte with pyncke
I sende you louynge greetynge
Thersytes myne owne sweetynge
I am very soye
When I cast in memozy
The great unkyndnes
And also the byndnes
That hath be in my brest
Agaynst you euer prest
I haue be prompt and dyligent
Euer to make you went
To appale your good name
And to mynysh the your fame
In that I was to blame
But well al this is gone
And remedy there is none
But onely repentaunce
Of all my olde greuaunce
With whiche I dyd you moleste

Any

And gaue you soꝛye reast
The cause was thereof truely
Nothinge but verye enuye
wherefoze nowe gentyll esquier
forgeue me If you desyre
And helpe If you beseeche
Telemachus to a leche
That hym maye tofsele charme
from the woꝛmes that do hym harme
In that ye maye do me pleasure
foꝛ he is my chyefe treasure
I haue hearde menne say
That come by the way
That better charmer is no other
then is youre owne deare mother
I praye you of her obtayne
To charme away his paine
fare ye well, and come to my house
To dꝛyncke wyne and eat a peece of sowse
And we wyll haue minstrelly
that shall pype hankyn bobby
My wyfe penelope
Doth grete you well by me
 wꝛytinge at my house on Candelmasse daye
 Mydsummer moneth, the calenders of maye
 By me Wylfred beyng verye gladde
 That the victoꝛye of late of the monster ye hadde
Whysyraye quod he: how saye you frendes all
Wylfred is glad foꝛ my fauoure to call
well, though he we ofte haue swegged
And he small loue deserued
Yet I am well contente

Wylfred

Seinge he dothe repente
To let olde matters go
And to take him no more so
As I haue do hyther to
For my mortall so.

Come go with me Telemachus, I wyll the bringe
Vnto my mother to haue her cherminge
I Doubte not, but by that tyme that she hathe done
Thou shalt be the better seven yeares agone

Then Chersytes goeth to his mother sayinge
Mother Christe thee saue and see
Ulysses hathe sende his sonne to thee
That thou shouldest hym charme
From the woymes that hym harne

Patet.

Sonne ye be wise kepe ye warne:
why shoulde I for Ulysses doo
That neuer was kynde vs to
He was readye in warre
Euer the, sonne, to marre
Then had bene all my ioye
Exiled cleane awaye

Chersites.

Wel mother all that is past:
Wroth maye not alwaye laste
And seinge we be mortall all
Let not our wroth be immortal

Patet.

Charme that charme wyll, he shal not be charmed of me

Chersites.

Charme oz by the masse with my club I wil charme the

Patet.

C.iii.

why

Why sonne arte thou so wicked to beate thy mother

Thersites.

**Eye that I wyll, by goddes deare mothe
Charme olde witche in the deuils name
O I wyll sende the to him, to be his dame**

Water.

**Alas what a sonne have I
That thus dothe order me spitefull ye
Cursed be the time that euer I hyn. fedde
I woulde in my bely he had be deade**

Thersites.

**Curlest thou olde hoze, blesse me againe
O I wyll blesse the, that shall be to thy payne
Then he must take hyr by the armes, and she crieth
oute as foloweth.**

Water.

**He will kyll me
He wyll spyll me
He wyll bryse me
He wyll lose me
He wyll pricke me
He wyll stycke me**

Thersites.

**The drupll stycke the olde wytherde witche
For I wyll sticke nother the, nor none suche,
But come of geue me thy blessinge againe
I saye let me haue it, or elles certayne
With my clubbe I wyll laye the on the hayne**

Water.

**Well seinge thou thzatenest to me affliction
Spitte of my harte haue nowe my benediction
Rowe chrystes sweete blessinge and mine
Lighte aboue and beneath the bodge of thyne**

And

7
And I beseeche with all my deuotion
That thou mayste come to Amans promotion
He that forgeue Mary Magdalene hyr synne
Make the hyghest of all thy kynne

Thersites.

In this wordes is double intellimente
Wouldest thou haue me hanged mother veramente

Mater.

No sonne no, but too haue you hye
In promotion, is my mynde betelpe

Thersites.

Well then mother let all this goo
and charme this chyld that you is sende to
and loke hereafter to curse ye be not gredye
Curse me no more, I am cursed ynoughe all readye

Mater.

Well sonne I wyll curse you no more
Excepte ye prouoke me to to soze
But I meruaile whye ye do me moue
To do for wylles that dothe not vs loue

Thersites.

Mother by hys sonne he hathe sende me a letter
Promysynge heareafter to be to vs better
And you and I with my greute clubbe
Muste walke to him and eate a solybubbe
and we shall make merye
and synge tyde on the berpe
With Symkyn sydnam somner
that kylde a catte at comner
There the tryflinge tabbozer troubler of tunys
Wyll pyke Peter pybaker a penyworth of prunes
Pytholl neuergood a nette and a nightcappe

D. i.

knitte

Knytte wyll for kys whole knee caughte a knappe
 David dowghere dyghier of datys
 Sten with godfrey goodale wyll getely at the gates
 Thom tumbler of trowbury turninge at a tryce
 wyll wypp wylliam waterman if he be not wyle
 Symon sabler of ludeley that serued the lowe
 Hytte wyll Henry hartlesse he harde not yet how
 Jynkyn Jacou that tabbed tolpe Jone
 Grynde wyll gromelled vntyll he gone
 Browde peris pyethanche, that pyk: d pernels purse
 Cut wyll the cakes though he Cate do crye and curle
 Ronghe Robyn roue ruffinge in ryghte rate
 balde Bernarde braynles wyll bete and Benet bate
 Folyse fredericke furbur of a farte
 Dynge daniel deintye to deathe wyll with a darte
 Marcolle mouyls mozeninge for mad Marpe
 Tyncke wyll the tables though he there not tarp
 Androwe all knaue alderman of Andwaspe
 Hoppe wyll with holy hokes a harken humfrys harpe
 It is to to mother the passyme and good chere
 That we shall see and haue, when that we come there
 Wherefore gentyll mother I the hartely praye
 That thou wylte charme for woymes this prette boye
 Water.

Well come, seinge the case and mater standeth so
 I am contente all thy request to do
 Come hyther prette childe
 I will the charme frome the woymes wynde
 but firste do thou me thy name tell

Telemachus.

I am called Telemachus there as I dwell

Water,

Tele!

Telemachus lye downe bprighte on the grounde
And styre not ones for a thousande pounde

Telemacher.

I am readye here pzeſte
To doo all youre requeste

Then he muſt lay hym downe wth his hely byward
and ſhee muſt bleſſe hym frome above too beneath
ſayinge a ſeloweth.

Water.

The cowherd of Comertowne wth his croked ſpade
Cause frome the, the wormes ſoone to bade
And ſolpe Jacke iumbler that tuggleth wth a bozne
Graunte that thy wormes ſoone be all to tozne
Good graundſyre Abraham godmother to Cue
Graunte that this wormes no longer this chylde greue
At the courte of conſcience in cockhold, pres
Cynckers and tabbets, typplers, tauerners
Cpptylles, fryfullers, turners and trumppers
Cemppers, traytours, traunplers and thumpers
Thyſſeſſe, theupſe, thycke and thereto thynne
the maladye of this wormes cause for too blynne
The vertue of the tayle of Maackes cow
That beſore Adam in paradylſe dyd lowe
Also the toylſte of Moles rod
In the mounſte of caluarye that ſpake wth God
Facte ad faciem, turninge tayle to tayle
Cause all theſe wormes quickly to fayle
The bottome of the ſhypppe of Noe
And alſo the legge of y horſe of Troe
The peece of the teunge of Balaams aſſe
the chawbone of the Oxe that at Chriſtes birth was
the eye tothe of the Dogge that wente on pylgremage

D. 11.

with

With yonge Thobye, these wormes sone may swage
the butterflye of Blomemyrcham & was bozne blinde
The blaste of the bottell that blowed Aclous wynde
The buttocke of the bytter boughte at Buckyngame
the bodye of the bere that wyth Beuis came
the backster of Balockburpe with her bakinge pele
Chylde fro thy wormes I praye, maye sone the hele
The tapper of taupe stocke and the tappers potte
The tothe of the tymus, the tozde of the gote
In the towre of tenysballes tolyd by the fyre
the table of Tantalus turned trym in myze
y tombe of Tom thredbare & thrusse tryb through & smock
Make al thy wormes chylde, to come forth at thy docke
Sem Cam and Japhat and coll the myllars mare
the fyue stones of Dauid: that made goliath flare
the wing with whiche seint Mychaell dyd fly to his mozt
the counters wher with cherubyn, did cheri stones counc
The hawke with whiche Iulius kylde the wyld boze
Helpe that these wormes my chylde, hurt the no more
the mawe of the mawcocke that made mawd to mowe
when martymas at mozteton moztene for the snowe
the spere of spanyshe spybery spente w spiteful spottes
the lyghtes of the lauerocke layde at London lottes
the Wynbon of saint Samuell wyninge so as the sunne
Graunt childe of the wormes that sone thy paines be don
Mothur byrce of oxforde and greate Gyr of bynke
Also mawde of thutton and mable of chartesey
And all other wytches that walke in dymminges dale
Clytteringe and clatteringe there poure pottes with ale
Incline poure eares, and heare this my petition
and graunte this childe, of healt he to haue fructioun
the blessinge that Jorden to his Gylsonne gaue

Alighte

Lyght on my chylde and from the woymes him saue
Now stand vpp little Telemachus anone
I warrante the by to morow, thy woymes wyll be gone
Telemachus.

I thanke you mother in my most hartelye wisse
wyll ye spy to my father commaunde me anye seruite
Eberstes.

No pretye boye, but do thou by two commende
to thy father and mother, tell them that we entende
Bothe my mother and I
to see them hostelye

Telemachus

We shall be hartelye welcome to them I dare well say
fare ye well, by youre leaue, now I wyll departe awaye
Eberstes.

Sonne, geue me thy hande, fare well.
Mater.

I praye god kepe the from parell
Telemachus goeth oute, and the mother sayeth.

Wys it is a proper chylde
and in behauioure nothinge wyld
Ye maye see what is good education.
I woulde euery man after this fashon
Had their chylzen by broughte
then manye of them woulde not haue bene so nonghte.
A chylde is better vnbozne then vntaughte

Eberstes.

Ye saye cruthe mother, well let all this go
and make you readye Ulisses to go to
with me anone, be ye so contente

Mater.

I am well pleased to youre wyll I assente

D, III,

102

For all thought that I loue hym but berye euyl
It is good to set a candell before the deuyll
Of molte parte of greate men I sweare by thys syde
Lyghte is the thanke but heauye is the ire
fare well sonne, I wyll go me to prepare
Cherlites.

C Mother God be wryth you and keepe you frome care
The mother goeth out, and Cherlites sayeth forth
What someruer I saye syde, I thynke yll might we care
I care not if the side wyrtche were deade
It were an almayns dede to knocke byr in the heade
And saye on the woymes that she dyd dye
For there be manye that my landes woulde bye
By goddes blessed brother
Yf I were not seke of the mother
thys totheles trotte kepe the me harde
And suffereth no money in my warde
But by the blessed trinite
Yf she will no soner ded be
I wyll with a coryllon stoppe byr breath
till she haue forgotte newe markete beth
Yll myghte I fare
Of that I care
Byr to spare
Aboute the house she hoppeth
and byr nose ofte droppeth
When the wyrtche she choppeth
When that she dothe brette
I maye saye to you
I am redy to spew
the droppes to see done renne
By all Chyphen menne

Frome hyr nose to hyr knen
I fe Goddes bodye, it maketh me to spitte
to remember howe that she doth lytte
By the fyr byallynge
Scratchinge and scrallynge
and in euerye place
Leyenge oysters apale
She dothe but lacke Welles
the deuyl haue they whytte, elles
It nyghte when to bedde she goys
and plucketh of her hofe
She knappeth me in the nose
with ryppe, rappe
flypppe, flappe
that an yll happe
Come to that tappe
that benteth so
Where so euer she go
So muche she daylye dyncketh
That hyr breath at both endes dyncketh
That a horsecombe and an halter
Hyrr soone byppe talter
till I saye Dauides psalter
That shall be at neuer mas
Whiche neuer shall be, nor neuer was
By this tenne bones
She serued me ones
I touche for the nones
I was sicke and laye in my bedde
She broughte me a kerchyle to wrape on my heade
And I praye God that I be deade
As that I lye any whytte

when he was aboute the kercheſe to knytte
Bzeake did one of the ſozmes fete
that he dyd ſtande on
And downe fell he anone
And ſoozth withall
As he dyd fall
She gyrded oute a ſarte
That me made to ſtarte
I thynke hyz buttockes dyd ſmarte
Excepte it hadde be a mare in a cartte
I haue not harde ſuche a blaſt
I cryed and byd hyz holde faſt
with that ſhe nothynge agaſt
ſaid to me y no woman in this lande
Coude holde faſte that whyche was not in hyz hande
Nowe ſyzs, in that hole pitche and ſyze bzande
Of that bagge ſo full
So ſtale and ſo muſtye
So cankered and ſo ruſtye
So ſtinckynge and ſo duſtye
God ſende hyz as muche idye
as my noſe hathe alwaye
Of hyz vnſauerye ſpice
Yf that I be not wyſe
and ſtoppe my noſe quickelye
When ſhe letteth goo merelye
But let all this go, I had almoſte forget
The knaue that here perewhyles dyd let
Before that Telemachus did come in
I wyll go ſeeche hym, I wyll not blynne
untill that I haue hym
Then ſo god ſaue hym

I wyll so beknowe hym
That I wyll make to raue hym
Wyth this swearde I wyll haue hym
And strypes when I haue raue hym
Better I wyll depaue hi
That you shall knowe for a ilaue him
Then Miles cometh in sayunge

Miles.

Wylte thou so in deede
Hye the make good spede
I am at hande here prest
Put awaye tongue makynge
and this folyshe crakynge
Let vs tye for the best
Cowardes make speake a pale
Strypes prouethe manne
Haue nowre at thy face
keepe of if thou canne

And then he muste stryke at hym, and Therlytes
muste runne awaye and leaue his clubbe & sworde
behynde.

Whye thou lubber runnest thou awaye
and leauest thy swearde and thy clubbe thee behynde
Nowe thys is a sure carde, note I maye well saye
That a cowarde crakinge here I dyd fynde
Mayners ye maye see by this playe in sighte
That great barking dogges, do not most bite
And oft it is sene that the best men in the host
Be not suche, that vse to bragge moste
If ye wyll auoyde the daunger of confusion
Printe my wordes in harte and marke this conclusion
Suche gyftes of god that ye excelle in moste

C. l.

Use

Use them wth sobernesse and your selfe neuer bord
 Seeke the laude of God in all that ye doo
 So shall vertue and honour come you too
 But if you geue your myndes to the sinne of pryde
 Vanishe shall your vertue, your honour away wil slide
 For pryde is hated of God aboue
 And meekenesse soonest obtaiⁿeth his loue
 to your rulers and parentes, be you obediente
 Neuer transgressinge their lawefull commaundements
 Be ye merie and ioyfull at bords and at bedde
 Imagin no traitourye againste your prince and heade
 Loue God and feare him and after him your kinge
 Whiche is as victorious as anye is lyvinge
 Praye for his grace, with hartes that dothe not fayne
 that longe he maye rule vs withoute greife or paine
 beseeche ye also that God maye saue his quene
 Louely Ladie Jane, & the prince that he hath send them
 to augment their ioy and the comons felicitie (betwene
 Fare ye wel swete audiere, god graunt you al prosperite
 Amen.

Imprinted at London,
 by John Tysdale and are to be solde
 at hys shop in the vpper ende of
 Lombard strete, in Alhallowes
 churche yerde neare
 vntoo grace
 church.

